A New Song.

KIND Neptune, invite me from the foaming main,
With your gods and goddeſſes to the plain,
To conduct my deareſt jewel whereſoever ſhe be,
And bring me to the ſmiles of my ſweet Molly.

And with her golden treſſes on her forehead ſo high
Her lips are like roſes and her teeth ivory.
Her tongue ſo enchants me no mortal can tell,
Her ſmiles they are heavenly, and her frowns are like Hell.

She is Aurora in the morning, Diana by day,
At noon ſhe is Cloreſena, or the queen of the may,
At night ſhe is Florana that rules the morn,
In the morning bright Phebus that riſes in June.

I wiſh myſelf with her wherever ſhe be,
It would be a joy and an eaſement to me,
To lie in her arms I wiſh it in vain,
The leaſt of her favours I never ſhall obtain.

The flowers in the valleys no more ſhall ſpring,
The linnets nor the black-birds no more ſhall ſing.
In the midſt of the ocean ſhall grow apple-trees,
The hour I prove falſe to my charming Molly.

The ſhip on the ocean ſhall ſwim without ſail,
And the ſmalleſt of fiſh ſhall turn into whale,
The ſea ſhall be turn'd dry and no more ſhall be,
If e'er I prove falſe to my ſweet Molly.

The moon it ſhall be darken'd and give no more light,
The ſtars in the element ſhall fall in one night,
The earth ſhall be deformed and no more ſhall be,
If e'er I prove falſe to my ſweet Molly.